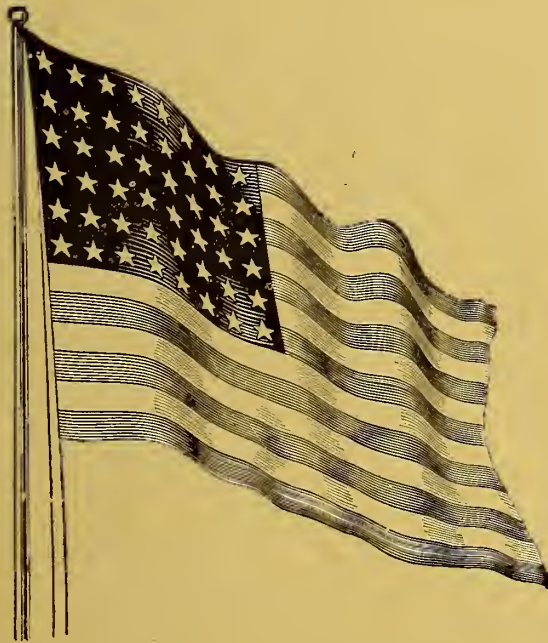
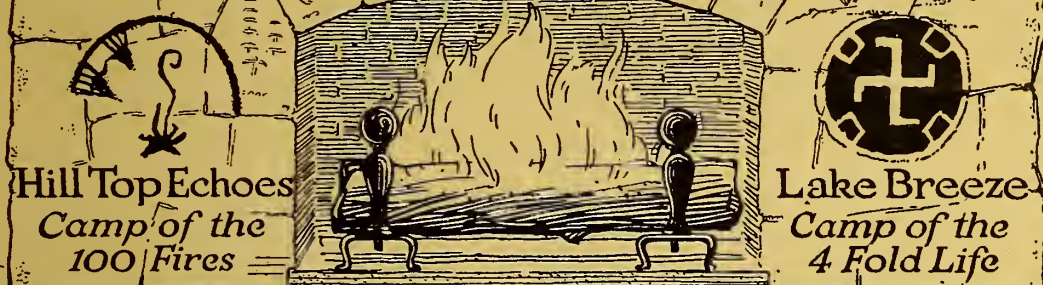


CONFERENCE POINTERS



What is your mission now, Old Flag,
What, but to set all people free,
To rid the world of misery,
To guard the right, abenge the wrong,
And gather in one joyous throng,
Beneath your folds.



FEBRUARY, 1918

The International Sunday School Association

(Continued from January.)

III. INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT.

In 1872 the International Lesson Committee was brought into being. Up to that year there had been no attempt to coordinate the plan of Bible study in the Sunday school. Chaos reigned supreme, and the instruction in the Sunday school was of a most inferior kind. With the appointment of the International Lesson Committee, order was brought out of ignorant confusion, and the International Uniform Sunday School Lessons blazed the way for real instruction and Bible study in the school of the church. If the International Sunday School Association had accomplished nothing more than this, its achievement would have been great import in the preparation of the way for genuine religious education.

With the coordination of lesson study in the school of the church, the way was opened for other advances. In 1881, under the leadership of Mr. B. F. Jacobs, Chairman of the International Executive Committee, a policy of Sunday School Association Organization was adopted and pushed. Today every state and province in North America has its own Sunday School Association.

At times some of the more progressive spirits in religious education have been impatient with the pace of the International Sunday School Association. They have chafed at the slowness of the Association to adopt and promote new content in religious education. At times with acidity they have hurled anathemas at the Association, and intermittently have renounced, denounced, and wept over Association stubbornness and educational stupidity. It is to be remembered, however, that genuine progress is made slowly, and that the first task of the International Association was the production of a Sunday school consciousness in the church. Not a single denominational Sunday School Board or University Department of Religious Education was in existence to help the International Sunday School Association to create in the mind of the church the need of a religiously instructed people. The church with uniformity opposed the idea of a school of religious education. Every single Denominational Sunday School Board and University Department of Religious Education owes its existence to the religious

educational consciousness created by the unflagging efforts of the International Association. It was and still is a "voice crying in the wilderness"—at one time for a recognition of the need of the church school, and now for the acknowledgment of the need of community vision in religious education and Christian cooperation. Denominational Sunday school consciousness must never in free, democratic North America become a Frankenstein with unsatiated ecclesiastical greed.

Furthermore, the constituency of the International Association is "of the people." "Its constituency is from every denomination of Evangelical Christianity, but solely on a voluntary basis." It can go no faster than it can educate its membership. Neither should it be held altogether responsible for the Sunday school pace of the continent, now that strong denominational Sunday School Boards are in existence. If there is a backward, denominational school, it is the burden of the denominational consciousness and must be recognized as such. The University Departments of Religious Education through the voluntary membership of their faculties in the International Association can help the Association to achieve the educational ideal in the denominational consciousness through well-thought-out plans for community activity in religious education.

In 1887 the International Sunday School Association employed its first Field Superintendent, and between 1887 and 1902 the fundamental principles of Sunday school work were wrought out in an unending series of conventions and conferences. In 1887 the International Primary Union was organized. In 1890 the Home Department—first among all the Sunday school departments—was authorized. In 1893 the first International Field Workers' Conference was held. In 1894 the first Sunday School of Principles and Methods was started at Asbury, New Jersey. In 1896 the International field was extended to cover Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies, and negro work was inaugurated with a negro Secretary, L. B. Maxwell. In 1896, also, the Primary Department of the International Sunday School Association was organized and recognized. Altogether, this was a real period of "beginnings." (To be continued.)

Conference Pointers

*Camp of the
4-Fold-Life*

Lake Breeze—
Hill Top Echoes

*Camp of the
100 Fires*

Publication Office, Mount Morris, Illinois

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JOHN L. ALEXANDER, *Editor*

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Vol. II

FEBRUARY, 1918

No. 5

At the Editor's Desk

Conference Pointers for February comes late. This happens simply because of editorial pressure and the recent day shortness. The fuel embargo cheated us out of one day a week and the cold office on Tuesdays diminished our speed. Then, too, we were preparing "a whale of an issue."

An editor's task, anyway, is three-fourths play. All he has to do is to scheme an opportunity for some one else to write. This number of Conference Pointers is evidence of this eloquent fact. Notice the special, splendid contributions from Ontario, Ohio, and elsewhere. I wonder if you, gentle reader, have sent to our quiet office the contribution you promised. If not, act now and ease our editorial spring fever.

A very special plea is to be found on page eight of this issue. Conference Pointers as second-class mail will have more money to spend on its "get-up." Pause a moment to fill in the blank and send it to the Editor. Yours for a bigger and better Conference Pointers!

Did You?

"Did you ever watch the camp fire
When the wood has fallen low,
And the ashes start to whiten
Round the embers' crimson glow?
With the night sounds all around you
Making silence doubly sweet,

And a full moon high above you
That the spell may be complete;
Tell me, were you ever nearer
To the land of heart's desire
Than when you sat there thinking
With your feet before the fire?"

You should be entranced as you study page six: You can count to a certainty the score that you will make for your state or province next summer. Have you registered for the Camp Conference yet? Your state or province will stand better if you immediately fill out and send in the registration blank on the back page. Next month's issue (March) will likely give the standing on the Shattuck trophies. Help your delegation now by registering.

If you have noticed any mistakes in name or address, omissions or other blunders in past issues of Conference Pointers, please advise us. We are planning a "Correction Page."

This is a special number! The Editor could let you have a couple more copies for friendly cultivation. All other issues of Conference Pointers have been exhausted.

Canada at Conference Point

By Mable Taggart

For the last three summers Canadian girls have been attending the Older Girls' Camp Conference at Conference Point, Geneva Lake, Wisconsin.

Last year we numbered fifteen—fourteen from the province of Ontario, and one from Manitoba. Three years ago we were represented by three girls from Canada. The rapid increase in the attendance on the part of our Canadian girls shows the interest taken and the growing popularity. It also proves that the Canadian girls are realizing more and more the benefits derived from attending this annual Conference.

Many are the happy memories of the days spent at Camp, and much has been accomplished by these girls. The following will give you some idea of its lasting influence. I cannot give you all that I would like to, but have chosen parts from the letters written by our Canadian girls, giving their impressions of the Camp and what it has meant to them.

1. A First Year Girl's Impressions.

The International Camp for Older Girls of 1917 gave me the finest two weeks I have ever known. As soon as I got in sight of Conference Point I realized it was no ordinary camp. I must admit that the first two or three days found me in a sort of trance or dream, but I certainly was to feel that way but a short time. Dreaming was soon knocked out of me, and I knew it was all very real. The very air, around about compelled one to be her best from the first tap of that rising bell until after the "lights out" bell.

The Camp life altogether has meant so much more to me than I can ever write. It has not only shown me the right way of living in all four ways, but it has broadened my mind so as to make me think of high and worth-while things—things that are lasting, and not the petty little things that come and go in a day. "Ye must be



born again." I can truly say I have been born again to a new life since those two wonderful weeks. They have strengthened me in every way and especially in the spiritual way. When I first left Camp, I knew I was a different girl, but it has only been very lately that I have been living differently and realizing it at

the same time, and the word "Happy" expresses my feeling all day long. I just feel that every boy and girl should have a taste of that wonderful atmosphere, and in the greatest way that I can, I give it to them at every opportunity.

This winter I am taking up a course at the "Y" in swimming, and I have also been spending my Sunday afternoons with six bright little twelve-year-old girls, and I cannot help but tell you that I had the pleasure of seeing four of them stand up and confess Christ as their personal friend last Sunday afternoon. We Canadian girls, and especially we Hamilton girls, have had a number of "Geneva Evenings" as we call them. They are held at the different churches, the "Y," and the first one we had was held in the great out-of-doors. We hold them in Council Circle style, and there tell them all we can of the great and wonderful things we have learned from the great Camp leaders.

The Camp of 1918 is going to see a large number of bright Canadian girls. I think it excellent for our girls to get into such beautiful contact with their American sisters. I, myself, can scarcely wait until I am once again with that mighty fine family, but there are heaps of things to be done in the meantime and time flies. —[M. U.]

2. A Graduate's Reflections.

As a graduate of the Camp of a Hundred Fires, I go back to the spring of 1915 and shudder when I think that the door of opportunity—e. g., The Older Girls'

Camp Conference—might have closed without my entering, thereby missing the greatest training opportunity that has come my way.

Beautiful Conference Point, with the comradeship of selected American girls, the friendship of the outstanding leaders in Sunday school work, and the close walks with Jesus, is a mountain top from which I, a Canadian, descended with a greater vision of my place in God's plan, and with the assurance that as we do "our bit" in our community, Geneva girls are doing "their bit" somewhere in America.

Girls, Geneva has shown me how much I *don't know*, and I'm taking up special studies to catch up. As a result of Geneva training, with the assistance of the Sunday School Association, we are trying to pass on to others the Four-Fold Life we live at Conference Point.

Sparks carried from the Geneva Campfire have kindled fires in the hearts of leaders in Toronto that will not die!—"K-sa-my-a."

3. A Leader's View.

My greatest joy in Camp lay in the realization that such a big thing was being done for girls of that age. As you know I am vitally interested in girls, and my desire is that we may work out those longings of girls which in me had to go unsatisfied. I got such a larger vision of the continent-wide interest in our girlhood that I know I have worked with a greater zest in my work here.—[A. M. H.]

You only need to know a girl "before" and "after" Camp to realize fully just how much it has meant to her.

Such an inspiration to be with two hundred girls, chosen from every state and province in America, and met in conference at Lake Geneva.

Not only as a great awakener to the best of Sunday school plans, but the very atmosphere of the Camp challenges every girl to develop herself into strong, true, Christian womanhood.

What a tremendous influence for good, not only in our Sunday schools, but in the building up of Christian homes for the future, the great need of our Dominion, if more of our girls might have the privilege of spending two weeks in Camp at Lake Geneva, living with the leaders who believe in girlhood, sitting upon the hillside just overlooking the lake while

"Day is dying in the west," listening to one whom they have learned to love bring a message which sinks deep into the heart of every girl—to bring forth fruit when she gets home.

And when Camp days are over, a great desire comes to each Camper to make it possible for the other girl to have for herself the experience which has been hers at Geneva.—[A. W. T.]

4. As a Girl Sees It.

I enjoyed the Camp life immensely. It was very delightful to meet so many types of girls from the north, south, east, and west of our vast continent. It was encouraging, too, to hear of the wonderful achievements in the different directions but, so often, after all it is the little things which count most, and I think it was the spirit in which the sports were gone into and played that appealed most to me. I can often hear the voice of our young Chief ring out as she emphasized the fact to her Tribe, not so much to win, as to "play fair."

When I came home from Camp it was fully my intention to teach a Sunday school class in some mission, but, when I thought just how our own class had diminished during the summer it seemed as though it would be deserting to leave at such a time.

There is a section of our city where, as you ride along on the street car on a dull day and glance out of the windows on either side, both directions look unattractive. On the north side are factories and dingy houses, while on the south are numerous railway tracks, locomotives, and in fact, everything one would be likely to find at a railway center. When the clouds disburse and the day is clear, one can see beyond the ugly tracks, and there on the blue waters of Lake Ontario, like a floating fairyland, nestles Toronto Island. I have often thought as I passed this spot how frequently we are prone to see nothing attractive or worth while in our everyday duties, just because they are so commonplace, but, like the railway tracks, they are a necessity, and when we pass over them there is, sure to be something bigger and brighter ahead, not always seen at first, but always there.—[V. D.]

My impressions of Camp are many. Uppermost in my memory are the good
(Continued on page 11.)



The 1918 Norm or Standard

For the S. F. Shattuck State and Provincial Trophy

An attempt has been made by the Camp Management to even the requirements for the Shattuck trophy for the season of 1918.

Five factors enter into the computation for the trophy, viz.:

1. Pre-registration.
2. Mileage.
3. Letters.
4. Pennants or pillowtops.
5. Notebooks.

The scoring has been worked out on a percentage basis, and half the points are possible of being won before the Camp Conference opens, the other half being won in Camp itself.

All registrations bearing the postmark of February 28 or previous dates will be credited with 600 points. Registrations received later will be allowed 10 points

per month until the opening of the Camp Conference.

Mileage is computed from the capitol of each state, approximately 5 points being allowed for each 100 miles. Notice the points allowed in the columns below for each Delegate-Camper at the Conference next summer.

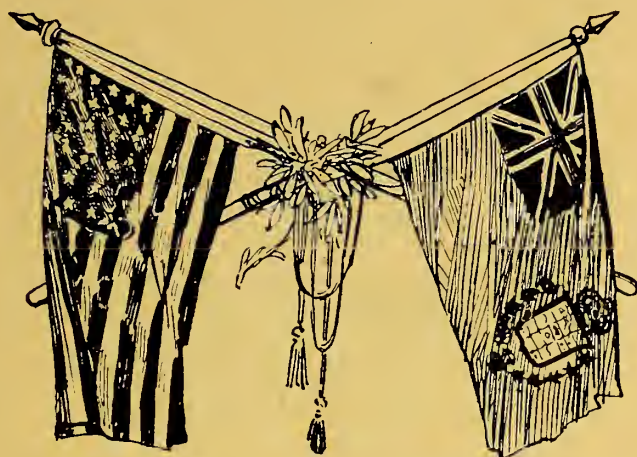
Each letter (P. S. M. R.) won in Camp on the Four-Fold Life emblem will be awarded 200 points each, making a possible 800 points for a four-fold boy or girl.

Each pennant or pillow top will count 400 points.

This year notebook marks will count on the trophy. Four hundred (400) points will be allowed for a perfect notebook—100 per cent and proportionate allowance granted for less than one hun-

(Continued on page 15.)

Canada.	California.....	910	Massachusetts.....	450	Oklahoma.....	370
Points.	Colorado.....	450	Michigan.....	125	Oregon.....	880
Alberta.....	Connecticut.....	420	Minnesota.....	135	Pennsylvania.....	320
British Colum...940	Delaware.....	390	Mississippi.....	335	Rhode Island.....	470
Manitoba.....	Florida.....	440	Missouri.....	210	South Carolina.....	450
New Brunswick.645	Georgia.....	355	Montana.....	590	South Dakota.....	320
Nova Scotia.....	Idaho.....	765	Nebraska.....	260	Tennessee.....	215
Ontario.....	Illinois.....	115	Nevada.....	850	Texas.....	530
Quebec.....	Indiana.....	115	New Hampshire.....	465	Utah.....	650
Saskatchewan.....	Iowa.....	180	New Jersey.....	375	Vermont.....	425
United States	Kansas.....	245	New Mexico.....	550	Virginia.....	400
Alabama.....	Kentucky.....	185	New York.....	370	Washington.....	910
Arizona.....	Louisiana.....	405	North Carolina.....	460	West Virginia.....	235
Arkansas.....	Maine.....	520	North Dakota.....	315	Wisconsin.....	30
	Maryland.....	390	Ohio.....	165	Wyoming.....	440



MR. WILLIAM H. DANFORTH.

President Ralston-Purina Mills, St. Louis, Missouri; Graduate Washington University; Superintendent Pilgrim Sunday School, St. Louis; President Missouri Sunday School Association; Chairman Secondary Division Committee and Trustee International Sunday School Association; Associate Director International Camp-Conferences; "Minisino" and Chief of The Lodge of A Thousand, ... In service "somewhere in France."

"ON TO FRANCE."

By Martha A. Kidder.

On, on to France! Who prates of peace
With murders foul that never cease?
We raise our flag on high.
Midst brethren dear to take our place,
A brutal foe at last to face,
A tyrant to defy.

On, on to France! Our flag unfurled
To help the allies save the world,
For freedom we shall fight.
Our honor must be free from stain,
Through bitter cost of toil and pain,
Our cause is just and right.

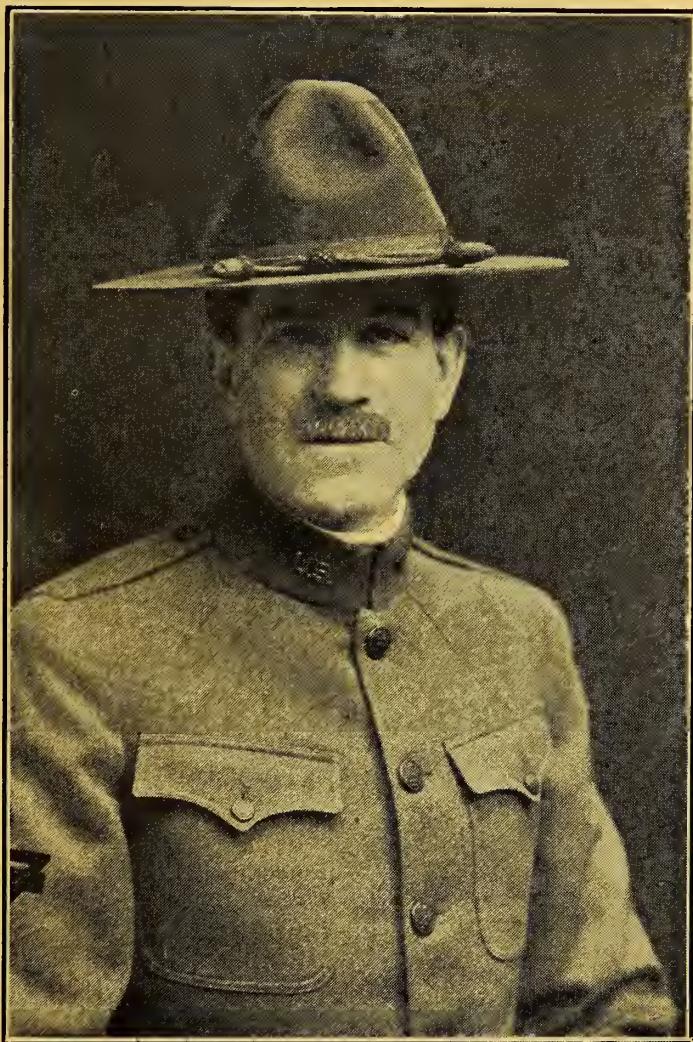
On, on to France! For Lafayette
And Washington are with us yet,
In spirit bold and free.
Our hearts are beating fast with love
For freedom's flag that floats above,
On, on to liberty!

"CARRYING-ON."

Minisino has gone to France. Tried old warrior that he is, his duty lay in Flanders, and where duty calls Minisino is always found.

Full of high hope for a strenuous period of service, he arrived in France safely and is now busy ministering to the "boys" through Y. M. C. A. channels.

As it looks now, he not will be with us next summer at Conference Point, in the flesh. You may be sure that he will be with us in spirit, and that he will be much in thought about us in July and August.



We wish he could be with us personally to dedicate the fine new wings to the tipiwakan. This is his latest gift to the Sunday school boys and girls of North America. His friendship is the kind that reaches across the seas and which waters cannot quench.

Conference Pointers is glad for such a Chief. As the leader of the Secondary Division forces of the International Sunday School Association, we are glad to serve through him for world democracy and freedom.

Special and Important

This is a special page, dear reader and subscriber!

Conference Pointers has made application for second-class entry. That means a bigger and better Conference Pointers.

At first, we thought we could get this United States mailing privilege on the strength of being an educational institution. However, education is not a big enough word to take all of us in and so we must fall back on bona-fide subscriptions.

Now to the point of this page! You are entitled to receive Conference Pointers, either as a registered camper or as a subscriber. Nearly five hundred (500) of you paid your subscriptions last summer, but without filling out a subscription blank. To be able to keep on sending the paper to you, we need your signature. Fill out the blank at the foot of the page and return it by the first mail. *If you neglect to do so and do not receive next month's copy, you'll know that you forfeited the right to receive it.*

Now listen, you just-registered camper! Fill out the Registration Blank on the last page. Never mind whether you did it or not, when you sent in your dollar. *It is a new form and only by signing it, can you get Conference Pointers.* Now then; Do It Now!

Campers and subscribers, fill in the form and sign your name before reading further. *March Conference Pointers comes to you only on your signature.*

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"The Tipi of 63."



MR. STERLING L. WILLIAMS,

Secondary Division Superintendent Missouri Sunday School Association. Adult Advisor Boys' "Tipi of 63."

MISS BONITA FERGUSON,

Associate Secondary Division Superintendent Missouri Sunday School Association. Adult Advisor Girls' "Tipi of 63."

Ohio at Conference Point

By Burr Blackburn

"Oh! come, let's sing
Ohio's praise,
And songs to Alma
Mater raise;
While our hearts re-
bounding thrill
With joy which death
alone can still.
Summer's heat or win-
ter's cold,
The seasons pass, the
years will roll;
Time and change will
surely show
How firm thy friend-
ship—Ohio."

Whether native
Buckeyes, or having
since our birth corrected a geographical
error, we Ohioans are always glad to sing
the praises of our dear old state. We
love her, for her men and women who
have always stood in the vanguard in
the onward progress of democracy; for
her fertile fields and her great cities;
her four million loyal hearts. She is the
very center stone at the heart of these
United States.

Ohio sends her men and women far and
wide, giving her Presidents, her statesmen,
her generals, her Marion Lawrance, to
make the world rich in love and victory.
But she knows a place beyond her bounds,
beyond her fifty-four colleges, her summer
schools, and her religious centers, where,
each year, she sends her sons and daughters
to receive that indescribable something
which works its transforming miracle
beside the waters of Lake Geneva.

Returning in the fall, they always testify
that life never ran so deep, nor did the
blood-red buckeye leaves ever challenge
them to so great a sacrifice. We thought
we loved Ohio in the free joy of the
spring-time frolic. Then the summer days
at Conference Point, on Lake Geneva,

"Those jolly days of priceless worth,
By far the gladdest days of earth,
Pass all too soon, but now we know
How dearly we love Ohio."

And they're proving it, too! At Geneva,
they pledged themselves in the words
of Judah: "We cannot go to the Father,



except the boy be with
us;" and during
Thanksgiving week,
they held the first
Young People's Con-
ference (ages 18-24),
to be held in the United
States, organizing a
State Young People's
Council whose main
purposes are to (1)
mobilize young people's
classes into coopera-
tive activities, and (2)
train young people as
leaders for boys' and
girls' classes. At this
state conference, the

Geneva boys and girls were always in the
lead. We wish you could have heard two
Genevaites, Austin Frease and Louise
Wilson, putting our Secondary needs up
to the great State Adult Convention at
Norwood, in October!

Three of our boys are distinguishing
themselves by the manner in which they
are using Geneva principles in their home
communities. Marvin Clark is the head
of a community boys' work at Oxford,
Ohio, back of which the Miami University
is lined up. Horace Troop at Dayton
has organized a unique Newsboys' Club,
and has the most successful boys' class in
the city. Leslie Arnold is in charge of
the athletics in a great high school, and
a large Methodist church in Columbus,
in addition to his work at Ohio State
University. There is no space to mention
the many others who are on the job,
wherever they are, most of them faithful
to the four-fold ideal as they finish their
college education.

Ohio will be on the ground in 1918
with a dandy delegation. We are not
striving for quantity this year, but prom-
ise to outstrip our former records in the
matter of quality. By the way, Ohio
was no weakling at Geneva last summer.
How's this for a record?

Older Boys' Conference.

Fifteen older boys enrolled.
Four pennant winners.
One graduate.
One medal winner.

Two adult leaders.
Two student leaders.
Won first place, "Stunt Night."
Stood fifth for State trophy.

Older Girls' Conference.

Twenty-six older girls enrolled.
Nine pennant winners.
Two graduates.
Four adult leaders.
One member faculty.
Won first honors, "Stunt Night."
Stood third for State trophy.
How Kola, Great Chief!
In this year 1918, girt about with the

four-fold life, wearing the headband of determination, clothed in our right minds, bearing the notebook of thoughtfulness, our hearts throbbing under the warmth of the "Hillsides," having taken up the faith of that last farewell Camp fire, our feet shod with the purpose to follow the Jesus way of living in the spirit of the Great Book, led by the ever-present Lord and Captain of our Faith—we of the Buckeye state are holding this front, Oh Chief, against the wiles of the enemy. Our greetings to the six Tribes of the great Nation. Our love to all our beloved Leaders.

Canada at Conference Point

(Continued from page 5.)

times, the hard work, and the delightful friendships we made during those two weeks.

But when you have thought and thought of these until you feel you are living through the days from July 31 to August 13 once more, another idea begins to form, very obscure at first, but which grows and grows until at last it becomes the biggest impression of Camp, and it is this: What days of study and planning, what ingenuity have made the Camp of a Hundred Fires possible! It is an organization in which every piece of machinery moves without a single slip, and as we think of all this and those who originated it, still the wonder grows "That one small head could carry all they knew."—[L. O.

Geneva was just full to overflowing with joy—pure, deep joy, in the fullest sense of the word—not only while at Camp, but it has lasted, for as thoughts slip back, day by day, it all seems so much more real and wonderful.

Hillside at sunset, so quiet and so sweet, still echoes. clear and loud, its stirring call to higher and better service. The jolly sports and games and the happy times in Council Circle and cottage hold, too, a large share of Camp memories.

Oh, Geneva has taken root and will grow, for it is making school mean so much more, and making my vision so much broader.—[E. McC.

I never knew Sunday school work could hold so much interest until I went to

Geneva and was made acquainted with, and heard, the splendid leaders with their inspiring talks on "How to Live the Jesus Way."

I came home, as I express it, a changed and new girl. I felt every girl should know more about Sunday schools and the wonderful Camp at Geneva. Several times, the girls who were at Camp, including myself, gave little talks to groups from different Sunday schools throughout the city. We would each take some part of Camp to talk about. One would take the religious side, one the social one the mental, one the physical, or a day's proceedings, etc., and I think it proved quite successful.

I am now President of our class, and I am quite convinced Camp helped me to attain that position. I also have a little class of beginners, every Sunday morning at my own home. They live quite a distance from a Sunday school, and it is too far for them to go, so at 9:30 a. m. they meet at my home and they are interesting little scholars. I am teaching them the Graded Lessons.—[M. F.

So many times since Camp I have wanted to make other girls realize fully just what Camp really has meant to me, and what it would mean to any girl who could go, but always it seems one of those big things which can be felt but not expressed in words, one of the things that only "the heart knoweth." And surely the splendid friendships formed there, the hillside talks when "we learn of the

(Continued on page 15.)

The Awakening of Newcomer

What a Camp Experience Brought Forth From
a Young Man's Life—By Richard Heilbron

A small lake steamer crowded with young men, eager and expectant, was approaching a landing at a promontory in one of the northern lakes. It was a beautiful July afternoon with the sun hanging low in the west and its light mirroring in the clear water, the trees thickly fringing the shore. Here and there over the lake could be seen canoes, and rowboats, and fast-moving motor boats, while the smoke of other steamers marked their course as they circled the lake.

Laughter and shouting mingled in a joyous chorus from the young men on the boat. Two of the young fellows stood a little apart from the rest in earnest conversation. One of them, who seemed to know the location, had been pointing out familiar places, when the steamer turned in to the landing at the point just ahead. His companion, who had been listening with expectant pleasure, turned his eyes to the landing as the sharp whistle sounded warning of the steamer's landing. He saw just ahead a small pier thronged with people waiting to receive the boat's passengers; behind, and half sheltered among the trees, was a rambling building, whose unpainted and weather-beaten exterior gave the impression of dilapidation to the newcomer.

"What sort of an egg place is this, you're bringing me to, Ran?" he broke out.

"What do you mean, an 'egg place'? You didn't expect to see a skyscraper or a Waldorf-Astoria, did you?" and his companion laughed.

"Well, from all the dope you've been handing out to me in the last two months, I got an altogether different impression."

"Wait till you've been here a few days, Berg, and that 'egg' idea of yours will hatch into something mighty different, or else your hide is thicker than I thought."

There was no time for further talk, for the boat had pulled up to the landing and the excitement of extricating grips and suit cases from the mass of baggage piled in every available space on the deck was at its height. Welcoming greetings were shouted back and forth as friend recog-

nized friend from pier and boat, and the joy of fellowships renewed after a year's break drove all other things from the minds of those who shared in this homecoming.

Ran Homewood was soon poking his right hand here and there among the laughing fellows, as he recognized the friends of the previous year. He managed to introduce his friend, Berg Newcomer, to some of these wild Indians, though it was almost impossible to make oneself heard distinctly in the midst of the laughing and shouting crowd.

When some of the excitement and noise of the arrival had died down and the boys had gone into the unpainted building, which was in reality the registration headquarters of the Camp, Newcomer turned to his companion, Homewood, with the remark, "These fellows act to me like a bunch of giggling girls and I guess their greetings are about as superficial as some girls I know."

"Oh, come out of it, Berg, You're clear off this afternoon. Don't judge everybody by the bunch you've been running with. At any rate, forget this 'girl' stuff and take the fellows as you find them. You won't find a finer bunch anywhere, and none more red-blooded, either. See that short, dark-haired fellow talking to the fellows right by the door? That's 'Runt'—keep your eyes on him. And look over here, by the desk; see that tall, slender fellow—looks like he just came out of a handbox? That's 'Si.' He's got on his city clothes now, but wait till the Camp program starts and follow him a day or two."

"That fellow you call Runt looks to me like a kid, and Si, well if he's anything more than a lady's man, I miss my guess," and Newcomer turned his attention to the business of registering.

All that day every boat had brought its quota of older boys to the Conference Point landing, for the third year of the Older Boys' Camp Conference at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, was to open the following morning. With every group of new faces there appeared the faces of the boys who had returned for the second year of

training, while not a few of the fellows who had been pioneers in the first Camp Conference were back again, and mighty glad of it.

That night after the first adjustments had been made in tent and cottage quarters and all had tasted of the first "sample" of the Camp "eats," the entire Camp, including the leaders, had assembled in the building called the chapel. The Camp Director, Kinjigissis, which is the Indian name for John L. Alexander, Secondary Division Superintendent of the International Sunday School Association, had outlined the purposes, and plans, and program for the Camp, and then, one by one, had introduced the leaders. Each one was received with a hearty welcome and especially those who had been connected with the preceding Camps. There was a heartiness and genuine sincerity in the atmosphere of the meeting that impressed Newcomer, and yet he was unwilling to admit that he was satisfied with this impression.

When the introduction of leaders was concluded and the serious business of the Camp life with its study periods and necessary regulations were explained, he began to wonder if, after all, he had not got into the wrong place. He had come to the Camp after hearing from his friend, Homewood, of the wonderful place at Lake Geneva with its ideal bunch of older fellows and the inspiration and genuine enjoyment of the life of the Camp. He had pictured in his own mind a care-free life of two weeks, boating, and fishing, and swimming, and roaming the woods; meeting hip-top fellows from all parts of the country, fellows who, like himself, were out for a good time—to do much as they pleased with little more restraint than their own whims and fancies might dictate. He had come from a great American city whose life in many of its bright light aspects he had tasted. He had been accustomed to enjoy whatever selfish impulse suggested, for he had the means and there were always plenty of friends to share with him in these pleasure escapades. His ideas of a vacation in Camp were much like those of the average city fellow who goes on a river camp with a group of his friends with no definite objective save that of "good times" and no program or plan set up for making the outing of real value. His understanding that this was a Camp for Sunday school fellows between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one had not loomed as a barrier

to him, for he was on the roll of a young men's class and his previous superiority to the things he chose to disregard as not within his line of interests seemed all sufficient in successfully meeting whatever problems this new experience might present to him. And so, as he listened to the Camp Director's words he became more and more impressed with the idea that this was not a camp, but a sort of prison, just made to please the 'sissy Sunday school' boys.

"And now, fellows," concluded Kinjigissis, "you all look to me like good Indians and far enough removed from the days of kilts to need no set of rules to govern your life in this Camp. That's the great thing about this place, do you know? Every fellow is his own police, judge, jury, and all. We only have one rule here, and that is the Golden Rule. If you all observe it we'll get on bully and there won't be any trouble at all. And if you don't think you're getting a fair deal, you come around and talk to me about it, first, will you?"

"Gee, I thought I was getting away from this soft Sunday school stuff when I left home, but here they're springing that 'Golden Rule' dope again." Newcomer spoke half to himself, but his companion caught his words with some anxiety.

Homewood had been tremendously impressed with his experiences at the Camp the preceding year, and his attitude toward the Sunday school and church, to say nothing of the transformation of his ideas and ideals, had been revolutionized. He had found nothing of the "sissy" type that his friend Newcomer had suggested, and the friendships that he had made had impressed him with his own need of definite objective and constructive service in life as nothing that had entered his life in all the preceding years.

Before the evening meeting closed several of the older Campers were called upon, among them being Runt and Si. Newcomer, in spite of his first-formed prejudice against these two, was forced to admit to himself that they talked like "regular guys" and had the air of something bigger than sissies or band-box dandies. He had never heard any more real humor and of such clean character and spontaneous power than was exhibited in these fellows that evening. There was a sincerity and genuineness in their words that was different from the speeches he imagined such fellows would give.

And when the Camp had become quiet and he lay wakeful in his cot with the fresh lake breeze blowing gently through the tent, the germ of something new began to stir within his heart and mind as the experiences and impressions of that day took form.

The experiences of the next day were never forgotten. The morning plunge in the cool, clear waters of the lake, the volley ball, indoor baseball, the boating, the night's stunts—all these things were sport, though different from his accustomed type of recreation; but the periods of lecture work and taking of notes with the grind that they at first suggested, made him wish a thousand times that he had never heard of this Camp. However, he kept his eyes and ears open, for he had determined to discover everything that would add weight to his prejudices against the Camp.

Try as he would, however, his estimate of the fellows about him continued to rise. He found that these boys who could show such earnestness in the lectures on the Bible and on "How to Teach" and on "Sunday School Class Organization and Work," were equally as keen in games of skill and strength. Before that first day was over he had learned that most of the boys were star players on their high school football teams; that many of them had made first in track events, and that a number who were in college were making good in classroom as well as on the athletic field. One thing above all else impressed him, the fellows were absolutely fair and square in their play. They went into every contest to win, but he noted that they never allowed the idea of victory to displace the ideal of clean sport and real sportsmanship. This was a new phase of "sissy Sunday school" fellows that he had not considered.

And then, when the chapel bell called the Campers from their after-supper games to the Hillside Inspirational, he came into another experience that altered his conceptions of God and religion in a way that was destined to revolutionize his entire life. The boys gathered at a point overlooking the lake which stretched away far beneath them and could be seen through the trees that enclosed the meeting ground. There, seated on the grass in the quiet of the fading day, with their minds ready for the refreshment of an outdoor message alive with the power of God com-

ing through strong personality expressing human experiences, Newcomer received his first real conception of God's nearness and His place in the life of the young man. He wondered what these fellows would do when the leader for that evening called for brief prayers from the boys who had been in Camp the preceding year. His curiosity caused him to look around to locate each fellow as he spoke. There were no stereotyped phrases here, but each fellow spoke from the heart as to a close friend, without cant or pretense. The sincerity and genuineness of the petitions were evident. And the message of that hillside! How it stirred his heart and what vital questions as to his value to the world it presented to him. How mean, and selfish, and superficial did his life appear in the light of the experiences that that message suggested. If he was wakeful the first night in the midst of his new surroundings, how much more so was it true this second night. Only the gentle whispering wind and the listening trees, that evidenced God's presence near him, communed with Newcomer as he delved deep into the secret recesses of his heart in the night watches.

And so the days passed, but with each succeeding night something bigger and better had been added to the life store of Newcomer, until with the closing of the Conference a new purpose had taken possession of him. It was with genuine regret that the farewells were spoken, but it was by him accounted a privilege that he could grasp the hands of some of these boys whom at first he had despised but whose hearts he had found pure gold.

The time for the Fourth Annual Older Boys' Conference is almost at hand now. Many new faces will be seen at the gathering of the Tribes at Conference Point. I know not whether Newcomer will be among them, but this I do know. His heart will respond to the call of the life at this lakeside place during the latter two weeks in July as naturally as the compass seeks its drawing north pole. For through the inspiration and instruction and vision of this Camp Conference his life has found its true guiding star, his God-given powers have discovered their truest goal—he has decided to become a servant of his Christ on the battle front in some foreign land where as a missionary he may make more fruitful that life whose awakening came by way of the Older Boys' Camp Conference.

THE 1918 NORM OR STANDARD.

(Continued from page 6.)

dred per cent. For example, a 80 per cent notebook would be allowed 320 points.

Now figure out for yourself the possible total score for a Camper from your state or province.

1. Preregistration (possible).....	600
2. All four letters (200 each).....	800
3. Pennant or pillow top.....	400
4. Mileage (see above columns for your state or prvince).....	?
5. Notebook percentage.....	?
Total.....	?

The fixed mileage points for each state or province are fixed and they differ only in the distance covered in reaching Conference Point. The rate of allowance is the same.

This is the best basis the management can figure out for the season of 1918, and offers a just method of measuring both state or provincial spirit and quality of Delegates.

Who will claim the trophy for 1918?

Note.—Substitutions for preregistered Campers failing to attend the Camp Conferences will not be allowed.

CANADA AT CONFERENCE POINT.

(Continued from page 11.)

girls we are to be and draw a little closer to our Ideal," the study of Christ's life, and of how we, too, may live that life, and the whole spirit which pervades the Camp make an impression on a girl's heart which will never, never leave her.

Before this summer I never realized that so much real life could be packed into two weeks. I think I know now just what Kipling meant when he said, "If you can fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run." Each minute of Camp life was certainly given its full value, and at each day's close we felt that we had really grown, spiritually, mentally, physically, and socially. The challenge of the Camp for "our best" has meant a very great deal to me since I came home, and how often that voice comes back to me, "Do the best you can with what you have where you are today for Jesus Christ," and now we know that "There is hope for the future and joy for the past, but for work—there is only today."

We are looking forward, or I would rather say living forward, to next summer, and how much help, and strength, and pleasure we get in living over in our minds our two weeks already spent at Conference Point.

But while we are struggling for self-improvement so that we may be all-round girls and fitly answer the Camp challenge for "Our Best," we are working hard to kindle the fires of Lake Geneva in Hamilton, and already at least some sparks are showing. Hamilton is beginning to waken up and realize the importance of leaders for its boys and girls. Next year we hope to come in force and carry back the Shattuck trophy to the "Land of the Maple."—[B. T.]

The Camp of a Hundred Fires—what a place to have spent two weeks where they lived and taught others how to live the four-fold Jesus way of living. How greater can we show our love for the Master in the kingdom of life than by living the life that Jesus lived while here on earth. Conference Point has meant more to me than I can ever write or tell. It has inspired me with a new ambition to "be my best."—[L. R.]

My first year at Camp meant a great deal to me. I got a new vision of life, and from the time I left Camp until the next summer I had one thought, "I am going to get the very best possible out of Camp in my second year," and I did.

Daddy Waite's lessons were just what I needed for my own Sunday school class. Kinji's talks on "Sunday School Plans" were splendid—just full of helps for me.

This fall I was asked to teach Campercraft to a class of boys, and I was glad indeed that I had taken the course of study with Wadjepe.

The social hour, the recreation, the Council Circle, all help wonderfully in training the girl.

The hillside talks were full of all good things that a girl needs to help her in her everyday life. These messages I have passed on to others whenever I had the opportunity.

The ideas and inspirations received at Camp this last summer have enabled me to do more for my Master than ever before. I am trying to help "others" in living a four-fold life.—[E. G.]

Mr. John L. Alexander,
Wheaton, Ill.

Dear Kinji:

The Pennsylvania campers, desiring to send a Christmas remembrance to Chief Kinjigissis, could think of nothing, they felt, that would please him better than to show substantial evidence of their loyalty to Chief Kinji, and the Lake Geneva Camps.

They accordingly desire me to enclose a list of the campers registered to date. I also enclose check to cover all the registration fees that have come in to me. The list shows twenty-one (21) boys and fourteen (14) girls, with more to follow—a number of counties having asked for reservations.

The fellows and girls on the list all send heartiest Christmas greetings to you and Pematahatchegay.

(Signed)

Chief Wadjepi.

Notice the schedule for Conference Point next summer:

July 5-14

International Training School for Association Leaders.
(Open to adult workers from Sunday School Associations.)

July 16-29

“The Camp of The Four-Fold Life.”
The International Older Boys’ Camp-Conference.
(Open to approved boys between 16 and 22 years.)

July 29-30

“The Lodge of a Thousand.”
International Pennant Winners’ Conference.

July 30-August 11

“The Camp of a Hundred Fires.”
The International Older Girls’ Camp-Conference.
(Open to approved girls between 16 and 22 years.)

For information address

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

1416 Mallers Building,

Chicago, Ill.

International Older Boy and Girl Camp-Conferences
(International Sunday School Association)

John L. Alexander, Director—Herman Bowmar, Business Manager
Gentlemen—

Please find enclosed One Dollar (1-3 Registration Fee), twenty-five cents of which is to be used for one year’s subscription to Conference Pointers, and register me for the _____Camp-Conference for the season of 1918,
(Boys or Girls)
subject to all the conditions of the prospectus.

Name. _____
(Applicant’s Personal Signature)

Age and Birthday _____ Street and Number _____

City _____ State or Province _____

Recommended and approved by _____
(Signature and Position of Guarantor)

Boys’ Camp-Conference _____ July 16-29
Girls’ Camp-Conference, July 30-August 11

Have you filled in the blank on pages 8 or 16?
Do you wish the March number? _____